

Where did it go wrong?

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Summary: Olicity Prompt: Please can you write a fic where Oliver is a boxer and he has a small child with Felicity and make it like the One more night by Maroon 5 Music Video AU but with a happy ending?

TRIGGER WARNINGS! Mentions of violence and addiction

Where did it go wrong?

****WHERE DID IT GO WRONG?****

Tick tockâ€|.

Tick tockâ€|.

Tick tockâ€|.

He kept staring at the watch. The more he stared the slower time seemed to pass by. The wind was howling outside and the overcast weather matched the way he felt on the inside. He was seated next to the fire place with a clear view of the door, but in spite of his warm attire and surroundings he still felt the chills running down his spine and the wait only made it worse.

Tick tockâ€|.

Tick tockâ€|.

Tick tockâ€|.

Six months had passed and every second was hell. His dreams made it worse and even though he knew that it was for the best he couldn't help the emptiness that filled his heart, his being, his whole world since the day he lost them.

* * *

><p>Success was a relative term, but Oliver Queen believed it was what he had " success. He had a beautiful wife, great friends and a supporting family. He was moving up the ladder in his job to an executive level position " life couldn't get better.

_Or so he thoughtâ€|. _

What started as a quick drink with his best friend after work ended in pure tragedy. They were heading to their cars when three men with guns and knives cornered them outside the bar. It was supposed to be a standard case mugging, valuables, money, but when Tommy made a smart ass remark one of the perpetrators lost his cool and shot himâ€|. a point blank head shot.

_Oliver couldn't move, he just sat on the pavement feeling Tommy's blood run over his hands as people were running around trying to contact Police and Emergency Services. It was too late. Tommy had already died and he couldn't do a thing to stop it. _

_The guilt of that night was all that drove him now. He enrolled in boxing and self-defense classes. _

_In the beginning the reason was merely to protect himself and the people he loved, but when Felicity found out she was pregnant, it became an obsession. Work outs became training for competitions and when he__realised__he was in too deep it was already too late._

The nightmares of Tommy's death had always been there but the more he drove his new obsession the worse the nightmares became. He found himself in the middle of situations where Felicity and their unborn child were in danger and he couldn't do anything to save them.

_The only relief was sleeping pills. _

_After a while that also became futile and he increased his own dosage. _

The cure became addiction and what started out as the solution now became the problem. His personality changed. He became more absent minded, angry, so very angry and distant.

He didn't know where the anger came from but he knew it was there and Felicity was normally the one at the receiving end of any and all frustration he experienced. He never physically hurt her, but he knew the emotional scars of his words and his actions were very much present on her heart and her mind.

She started to distance herself from him completely after an argument went south and he put his fist through the door next to where Felicity was standing. He will never be able to erase the memory of the shock and horror displayed in her eyes that day.

He knew he was spiraling and he knew he needed help.

He made the decision after he kissed Felicity on the cheek and baby Angie on her forehead. This would be his last boxing matchâ€|..little did he know how right he had been.

_When he returned home that night they were gone. No note. It was like they didn't even exist. All traces of his wife and daughter were

gone. _

He sat in his chair listening to the deafening silence that now filled his once happy home and all he saw was his achievement in boxing, his trophies, and all they resembled was nothing but failure â€" failing the one thing that he might never get back â€" his family.

_With the help of his boxing coach he checked himself into rehab. He got professional help and with the help of the__counsellors__he started dealing with the loss and guilt of Tommy's death. He started to deal with his addiction and the loss of his family._

He was clean and he started to patch up his life, day by day, piece by piece.

_He took a chance and he phoned her a few months after getting out of rehab â€" he didn't exactly know what to expect but the blood froze in his veins the moment he heard her voice on the__other side__of the line._

Surprisingly she agreed to meet. He suggested a public place to put her mind at ease.

* * *

><p>Here he was sitting after six months, hoping to mend what he broke.<p>

His thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a petite blonde woman carrying a dark haired little girl. He couldn't help but smile at the picture they made, but his heart didn't bear the same sentiment. He felt like he was hyperventilating with each beat his heart gave.

Her smile made him freeze and for the first time in so long he could see the peace in her eyes that always made him calm down and know that everything was going to be okay.

She took a seat on the opposite side of the table, but Angie was way too occupied with the curls of her mother's hair to care who the stranger on the opposite side of the table was.

He didn't know where to start, what to say to her. He didn't know how to make her believe how sorry he was for all the wrong that he did, for hurting her, but the soft smile she gave him and the glistening of the tears forming in her eyes told him no words were needed for the moment.

She slowly turned Angie around to face him and the little girl stared back at him. Big blue eyes like her dad and dark curly hair like her mother. She was indeed the perfect mixture of the two of them and so beautiful.

The little girl smiled at him and instantly stretched out her little arms gesturing for him to take her. He was uncertain at first but then she uttered "Dada" and he couldn't help the tears falling over his cheeks.

"She remembers me?" he asked between sobs taking her from Felicity over the table. He cradled her little body close to his and kissed

her baby soft hair, taking in her scent. She still smelled the same as the day they brought her home from the hospital.

Tears were streaming down Felicity's face too. "I would never have her forget her father Oliver."

She reached out to him across the table and Oliver put his hand in hers without any hesitation.

"Felicity, I'm so so very sorry. I don't know how you would ever be able to forgive me." he said still sobbing.

"I already have Oliver, because I cannot imagine loving anyone more than I love you. I don't want anyone else to be my husband, to be the father of our children. You, Oliver Queen, are forgiven and so so loved."

He couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth, but he knew she wouldn't have said it if she didn't mean it.

She pulled her chair next to his and Oliver, still holding Angie with the one arm, pulled her in for a hug with his other arm. He was reunited with his family.

There was still a long journey ahead of healing and rebuilding trust, but as he sat there next to the fire with both his girls back in his arms he knew his mother was right "nothing is as important as family, and as long as he had them, he would be okay.

End
file.